

L.S.R.

Ten Songs from the Past

The PINK FLOYD

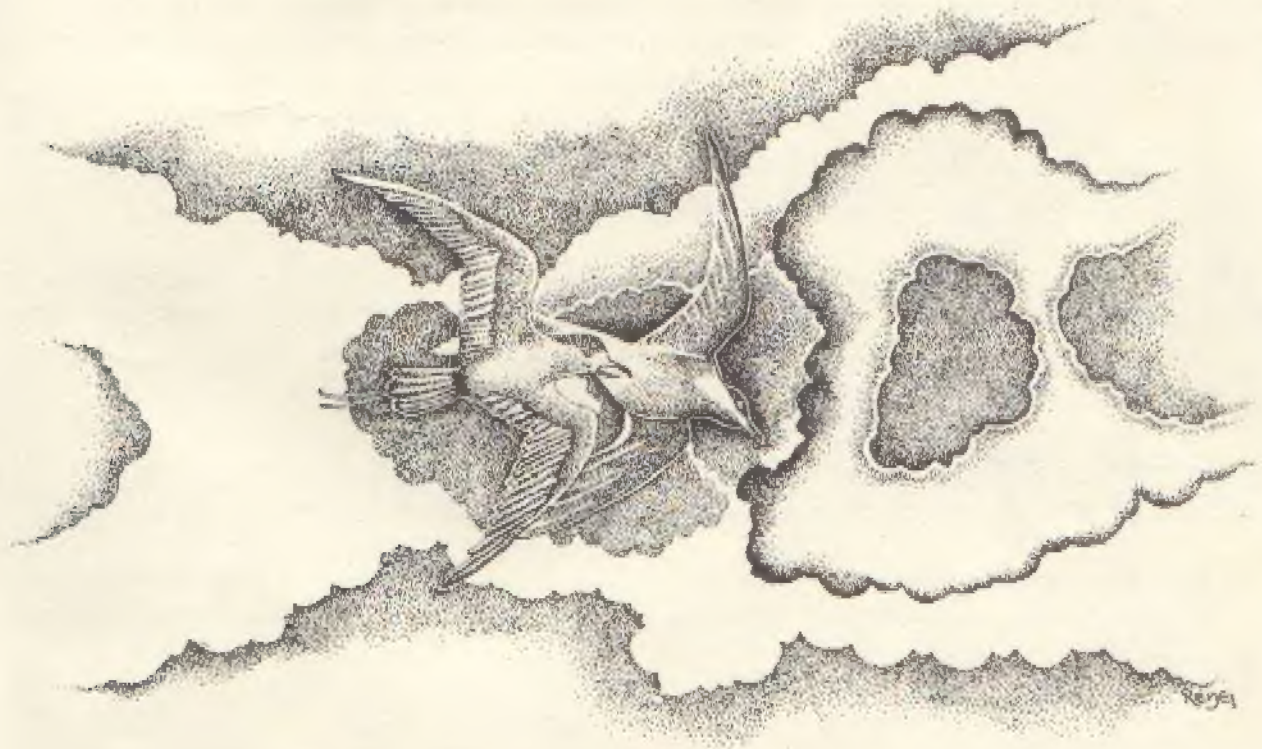
Song Book



Xx

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Music Transcribed by ZIGGY LUDVIGSEN

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109 Eastbourne Mews, London, W.2.

Let There Be More Light

Words and Music by
ROGER WAERS



Far far far _____ a - way way peo - ple heard him say say I _____ will find a
now now now _____ a the



way way there will come a day day something will be done _____
time time time _____ to be be be _____ a - ware _____



then at last the might-y ship de - scending on a point of flame made contact with the human race at
Car-ter's fath-er saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him the liv-ing soul of Her-e-wod the



Mildenhall _____ Oh my some-thing in my eye eye some-thing in the
Wake _____ Oh oh did you ev-er no no nev - er will they



sky sky wait - ing there for me _____ The out - er lock rolled slowly back the
I I I _____ can't say _____ Summoning his cos mic powers and



servicemen were heard to sigh for there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky _____
glow-ing slightly from his toes his psy - chic em - an - a - tions _____ flowed _____

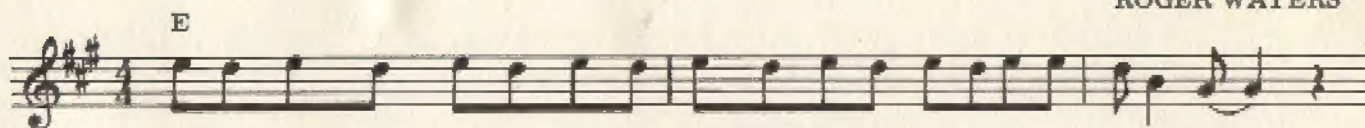
Let There Be More Light

*Far far far away, way
People heard him say, say
I will find a way way
There will come a day day
Something will be done
Then at last the mighty ship descending on a point of flame
Made contact with the human race at Mildred Hall
Oh my, something in my eye eye
Something in the sky sky
Waiting there for me
The outer lock rolled slowly back
The seroicemen were heard to sigh
For there revealed in flowing robes was Lucy in the sky
Now now now is the time time time
To be be be aware
Carter's father saw it there and knew the hull revealed to him
The living soul of Hereward the Wake
Oh oh did you ever
No no never will they
O-O-O can't say
Summoning his cosmic powers
And glowing slightly from his toes
His psychic emanations flowed.*



Seabirds

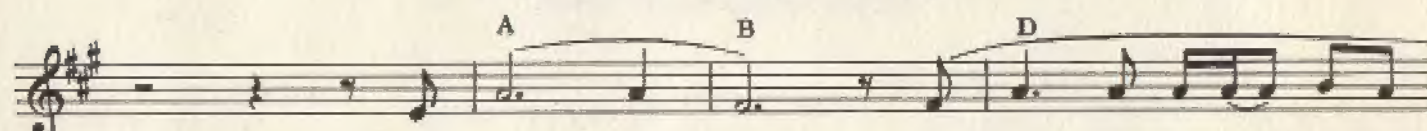
Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS



Migh-ty waves come crashing down the spray is lash-ing high into the eagle's eye —
Surf comes rushing up the beach now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall —



shriek-ing as it cuts the De-vil wind is calling sailors to the deep
cat-fish dappled silver flashing dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep



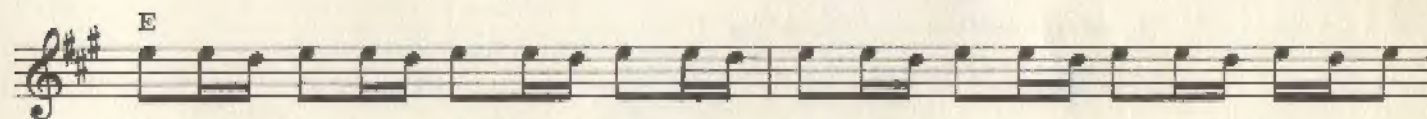
But I can hear the sound of sea-birds in my



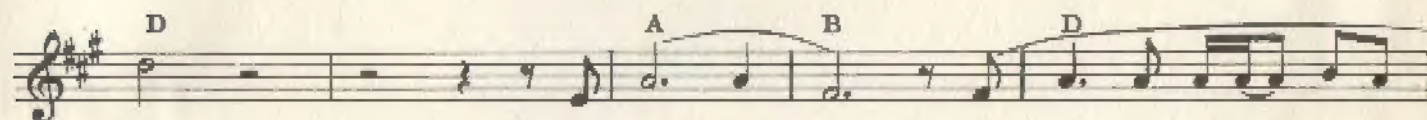
ear and I can see you smi - - - le



Surf is high an' the sea is a-wash an' a haze of can-dy floss, glitter, and beads



rock that we sat on and watched in the sun that was hot to the touch and the sea was an e-mer-ald



green and I can hear the sound of sea-birds in my



ear and I can see you smi - - - le

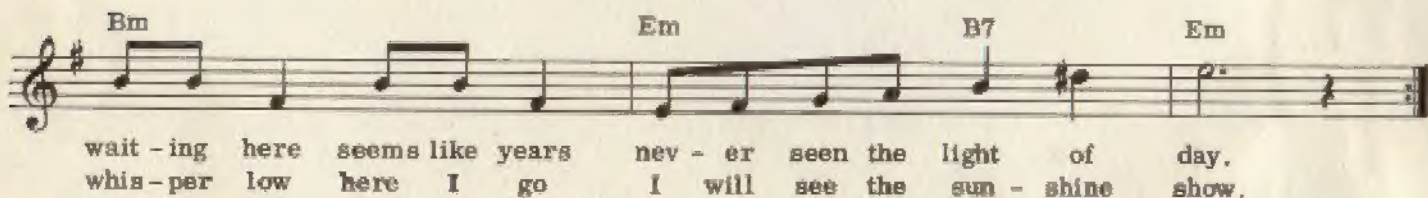
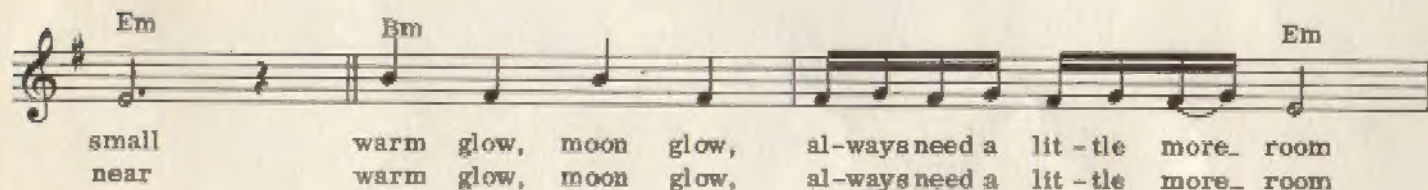
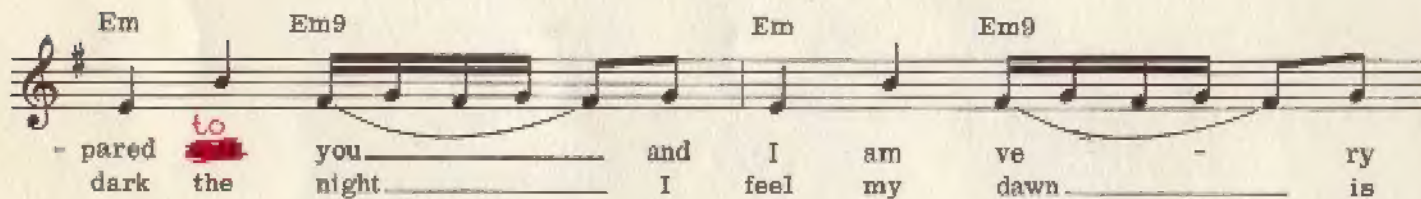
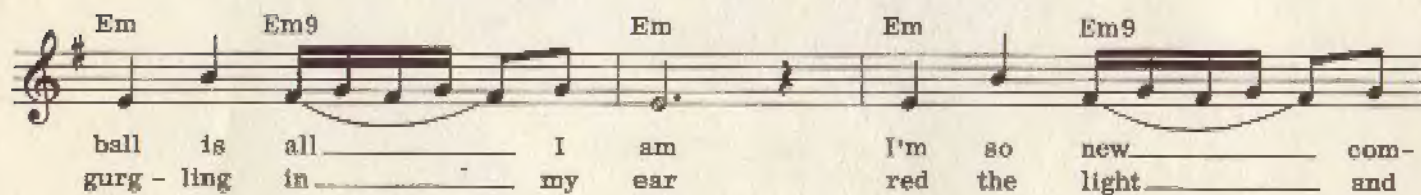
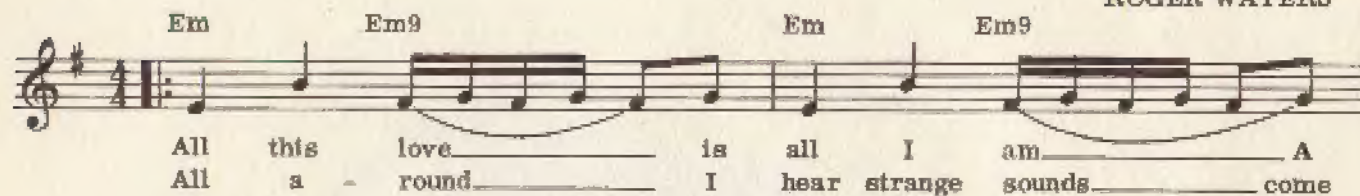
Seabirds

*Mighty waves come crashing down
The spray is lashing high into the eagle's eye
Shrieking as it cuts the devil wind, is calling sailors to the deep
But I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf is high an' the sea is awash
An' a haze of candy floss, glitter and beads
Rock that we sat on and watched in the sun
That was hot to the touch
And the sea was an emerald green
I can hear the sound of seabirds in my ear
And I can see you smile
Surf comes rushing up the beach
Now will it reach the castle wall and will it fall
Catfish dappled silver flashing
Dogfish puffing bubbles in my deep.*



Embryo

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS



Embryo

*All this love is all I am
A ball is all I am
I'm so new compared with you
And I am very small*

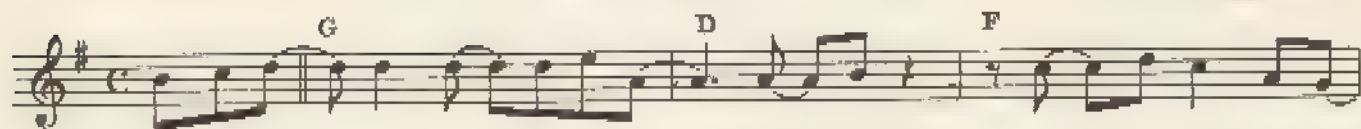
*Warm glow, moon glow,
Always need a little more room
Waiting here seems like years
Never seen the light of day*

*All around I hear strange sounds
Come gurgling in my ear
Red the light and dark the night
I feel my dawn is near*

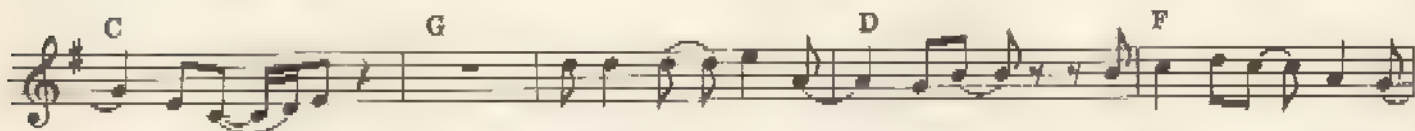
*Warm glow, moon glow
Always need a little more room
Whisper low, here I go
I will see the sunshine show.*

Fat Old Sun

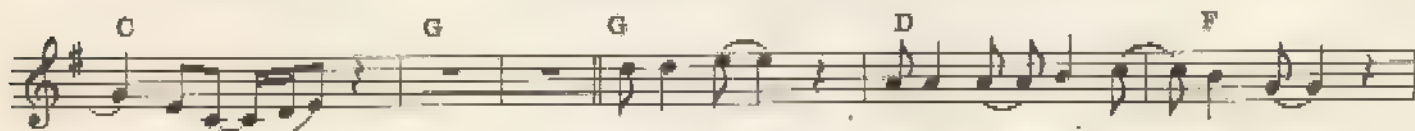
Words and Music by
DAVE GILMOUR



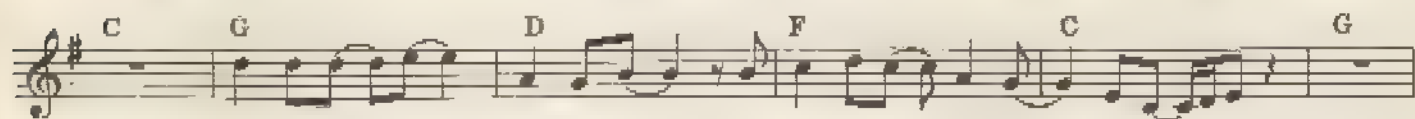
When that fat — old sun in the sky's — fall - ing sum - mer ev' - ning birds



— are call - ing summer sun - day and — a year — the sound of mu - sic in



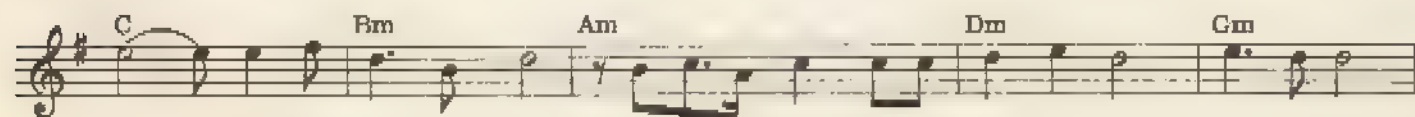
— my ears Distant bells — new mown grass smells songs sweet —



By the ri - ver hold - ing hands —



And if you see — don't you make a sound pick your feet up off the ground and if you



hear — as the wall night falls the sil - ver sound from a tongue so strange sing to me



sing to me When that fat — old sun — in the sky's — fall - ing





sum - mer ev'ning birds are call - ing childrens laughter in — my ears the



last song - light — dis - ap - pears And if you

Fat Old Sun

*When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Summer Sunday and a year
The sound of music in my ears
Distant bells
New mown grass smells
Songs sweet
By the river holding hands
And if you see, don't you make a sound
Pick your feet up off the ground
And if you hear as the wall night falls
The silver sound from a tongue so strange
Sing to me
Sing  
When that fat old sun in the sky's falling
Summer evening birds are calling
Children's laughter in my ears
The last song-light disappears.*



Crying Song

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS

(Slow)

We smiled and climbed and smiled and climbed and smiled and climbed

laughter ech-oes in your eyes,
foot fuled soft-ly in the pines.

We cry and cry we cry and and
We roll and roll we roll and

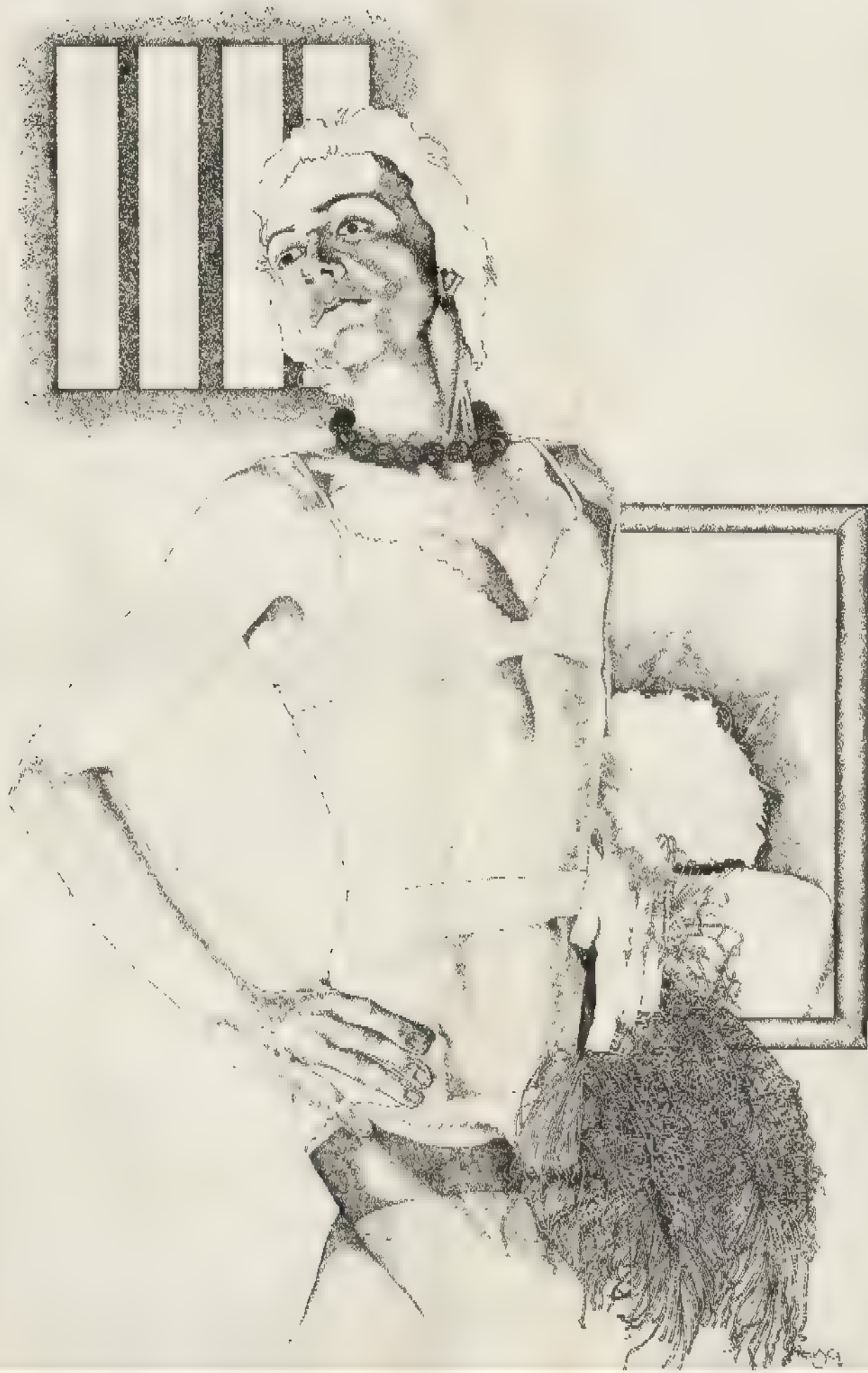
cry.
roll. Sad - ness pass - es in a while.
Help me roll a - way the stone.

We

Crying Song

*We smiled and smiled
We smiled and smiled
Laughter echoes in your eyes
We cry and cry
We cry and cry
Sadness passes in a while*

*We climbed and climbed
We climbed and climbed
Foot falls softly in the pines
We roll and roll
We roll and roll
Help me roll away the stone.*



Arnold Layne

Words and Music by
SYD BARRETT

Ar-nold Layne _____ had a strange _____ hob-by

col-lec-ting clothes _____ Moon-shine wash-ing line _____

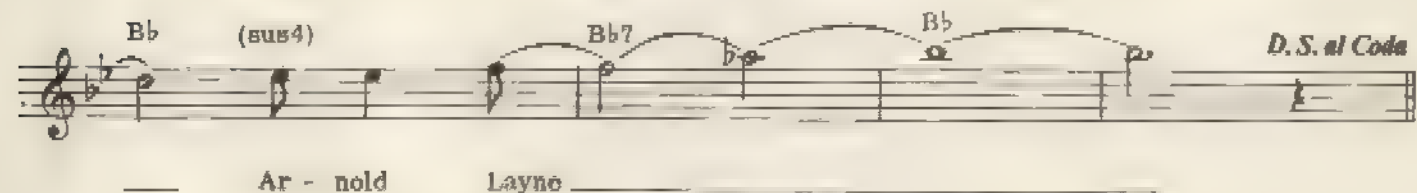
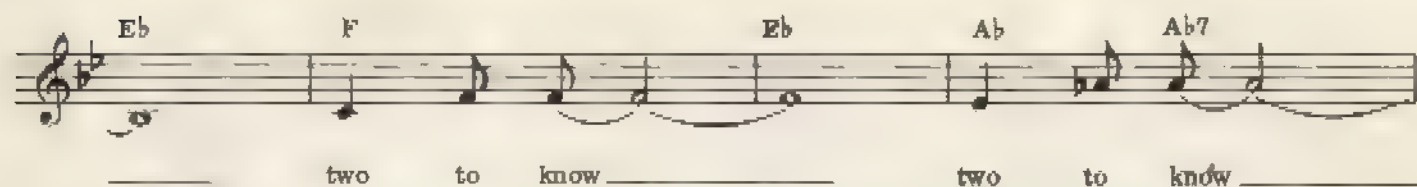
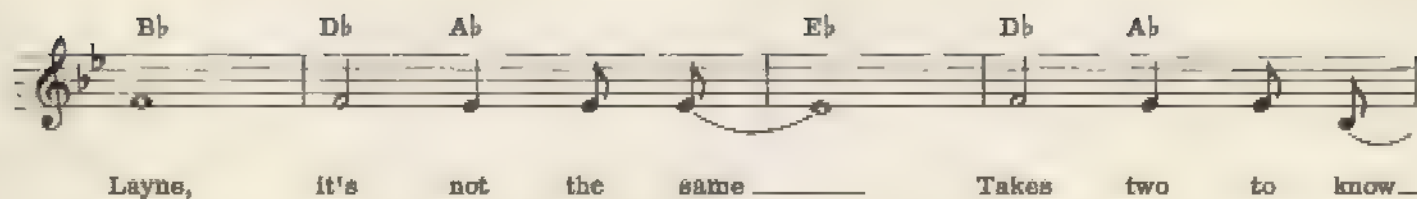
_____ they suit him fine. _____ On the wall
Now he's caught

_____ hung a tall _____ mir-ror
a nas-ty sort _____ of per-son

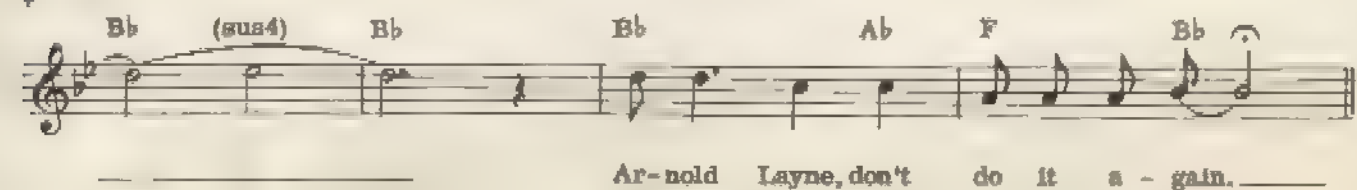
dis-tor-ted view _____ See through
they gave him time _____ Doors clang

ba-by blue _____ he dug it _____
chain gang _____ he hates it _____ Oh, Ar-nold

CHORUS



♠ CODA



Arnold Layne

*Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine.*

*On the wall hung a tall mirror
Distorted view
See-through baby blue
He dug it*

*Oh Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again*

*Arnold Layne had a strange hobby
Collecting clothes
Moonshine, washing line
They suit him fine*

*Now he's caught, a nasty sort of person
They gave him time
Doors clang, chain gang
He hates it*

*Oh Arnold Layne, it's not the same
It takes two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Two to know
Why can't you see Arnold Layne
Arnold Layne don't do it again.*

Point Me At The Sky

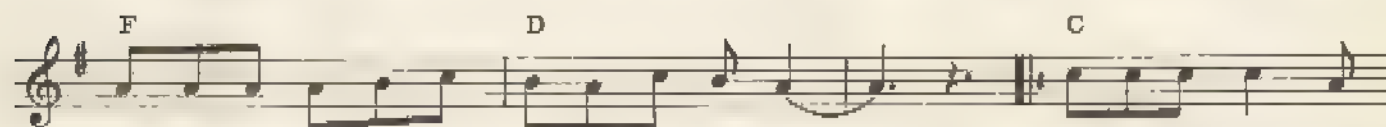
Words and Music by
WATERS/GILMOUR



Hey Jean miss-es Hen-ry Mc-lean an' I finish-ed my beau-ti-ful



fly-ing machine an' I'm ring-ing to say that I'm leav-ing an' may-be you'd



like to fly with me and hidewith me ba-by ———

Is-n't it strange how
If you sur-vive till two



lit-tle we change is-n't it sadwe're in-sane ——— play-ing the game that we
thou-sand and five I hope you're ex-ceeding-ly thin ——— for if you are stout you will



know ends in tears the game we-'re play-ing for thousands and thousands and thousands
have to breath out while the people a-round you breath in ——— breath in breath in

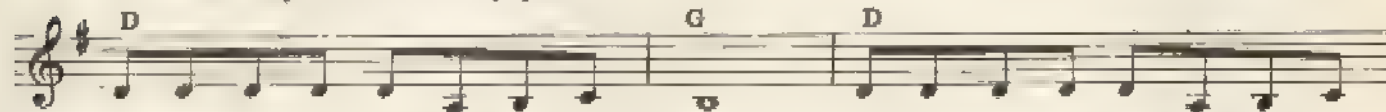


jumps in - to his cosmic fly-er pulls his plastic col-lar higher light the fuse and stand well back he
peo-ple pressing on my sides is something that I hate and so is sit-ting down to eat with on-ly



cried this is my last good-bye
lit-tle cap-sules on my plate

point me at the sky let it fly



point me at the sky and let it fly point me at the sky and let it



fly

And

Point Me At The Sky

*Hey Jean misses, Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
 An' I'm ringin' to say that I'm leaving an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
 Isn't it strange how little we change, isn't it sad we're insane
 Playing the game we know ends in tears
 The game we've been playing for thousands and thousands and thousands
 Jumps into his cosmic flyer, pulls his plastic collar higher
 Light the fuse and stand well back, he cried, this my last goodbye*

*Point me at the sky and let it fly
 Point me at the sky and let it fly
 Point me at the sky and let it fly*

*Hey Jean misses Henry McLean an' I finished my beautiful flying machine
 An' I'm ringin' to say that I'm leaving an' maybe you'd like to fly with me and hide with me baby
 If you survive 'till two thousand and five I hope you're exceedingly thin
 For if you are stone you will have to breathe out
 While the people around you breathe-in-breathe-in
 People pressing on my sides is something that I hate
 And so is sitting down to eat with only little capsules on my plate*

*Point me at the sky
 Point me at the sky
 Point me at the sky*



See-Saw

Words and Music by
RICHARD WRIGHT

Cmaj7 Am7

Mar-i-golds are very much in love — but he — doesn't mind —

F

pick-ing up sis - ter he makes his way to see - saw land —

E A G

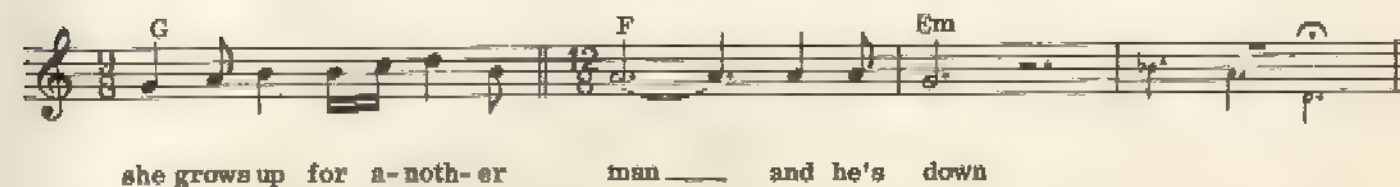
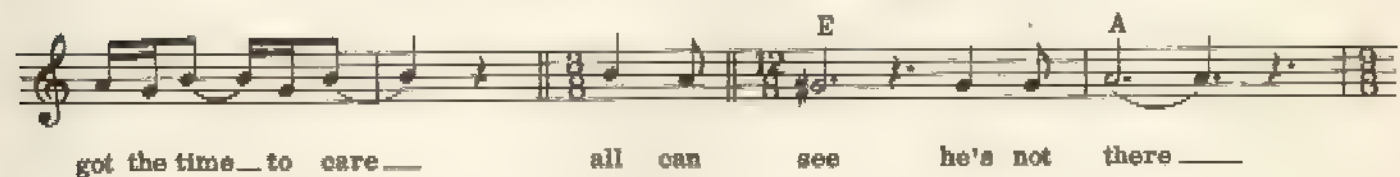
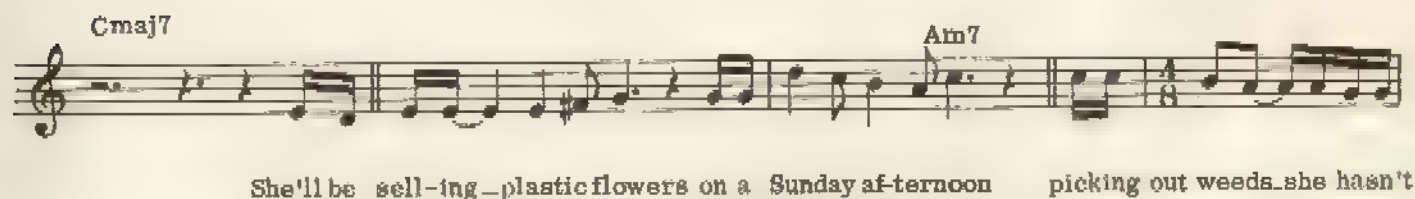
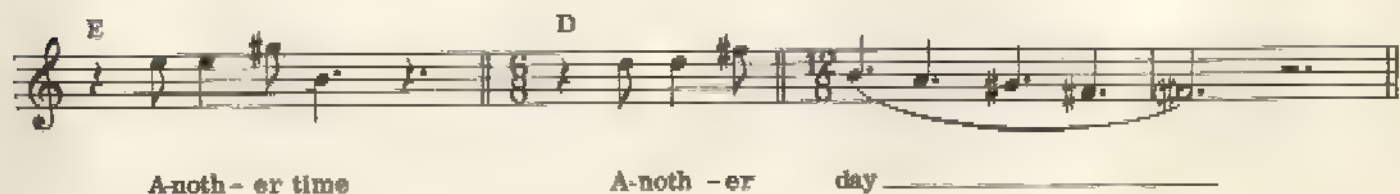
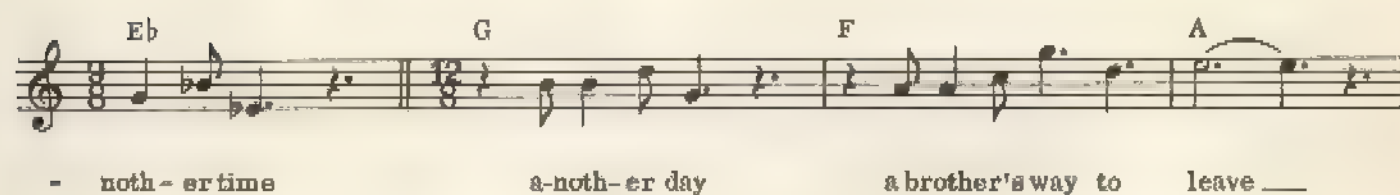
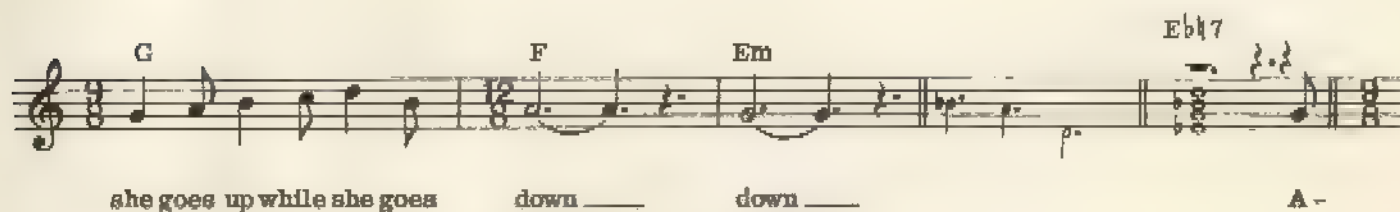
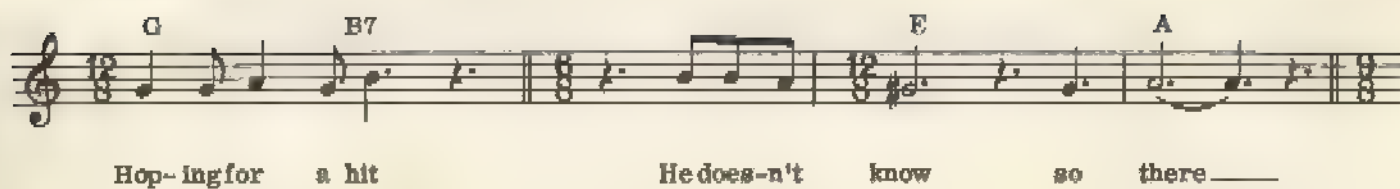
All the way she smiles — She goes up as he goes

F Em Cmaj7

down — down sits on a stick in the

Am7 F

ri - ver — laugh - ter in his sleep sister's throwing stones —



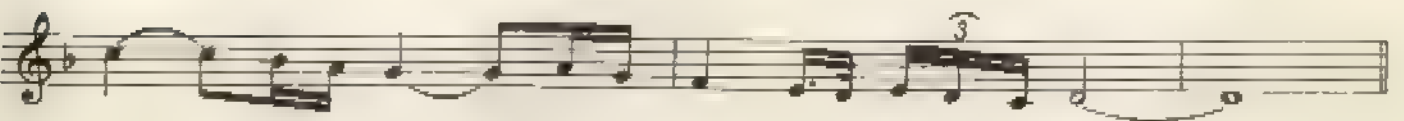
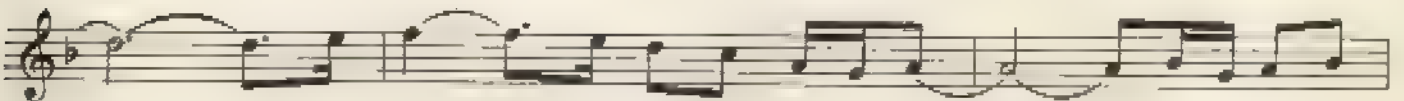
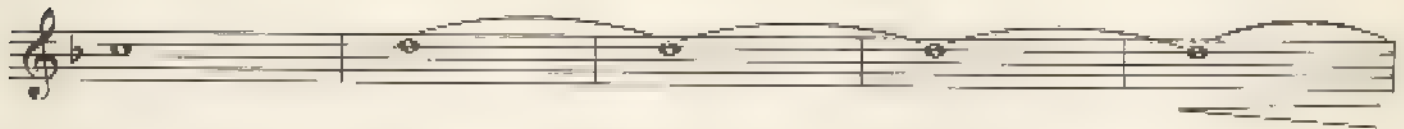
See-Saw

*Marigolds are very much in love
 But he doesn't mind
 Picking up sister he makes his way to see-saw land
 All the way she smiles
 She goes up as he goes down down
 Sits on a stick in the river
 Laughter in his sleep
 Sister's throwing stones
 Hoping for a hit
 He doesn't know
 So there
 She goes up while he goes down down
 Another time, another day
 A brother's way to leave
 Another time, another day
 She'll be selling plastic flowers on a Sunday afternoon
 Picking out weeds
 She hasn't got the time to care
 All can see he's not there
 She grows up for another man
 And he's down.*

Careful With That Axe Eugene

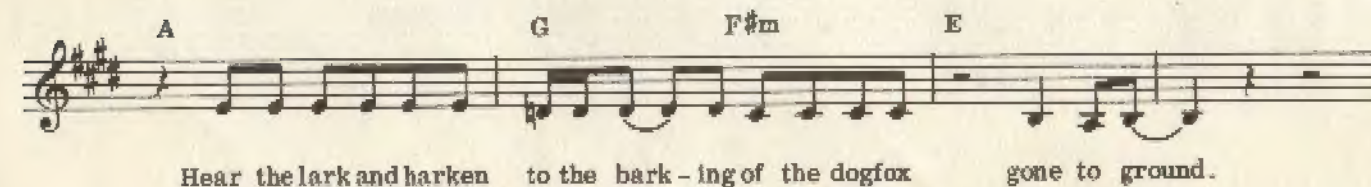
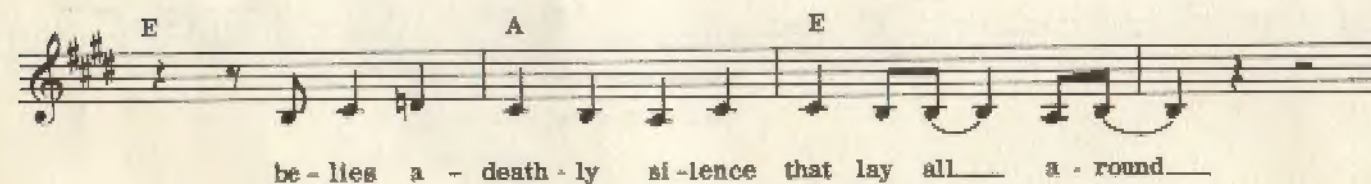
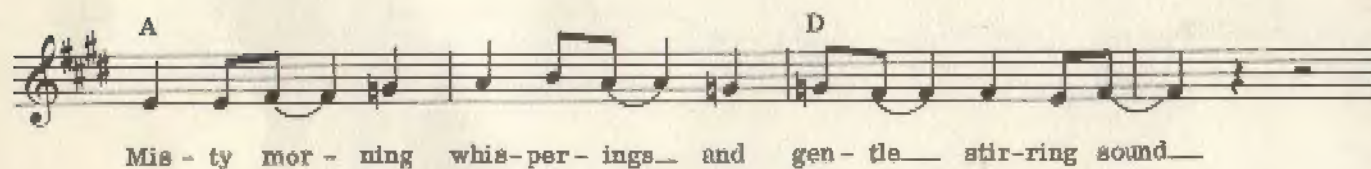
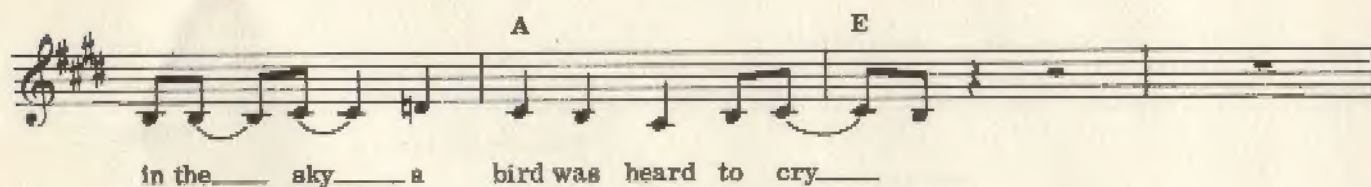
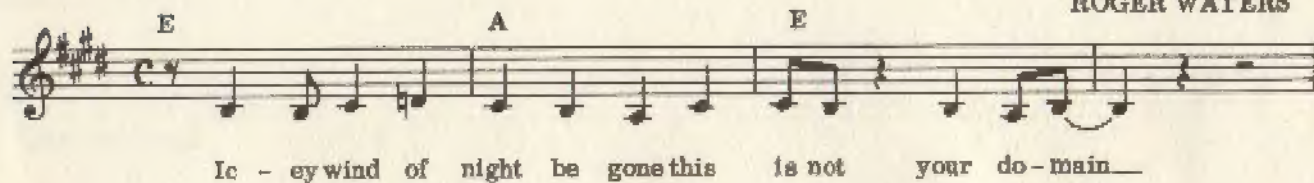
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Music Composed by
WATERS - WRIGHT
GILMOUR - MASON



Grantchester Meadows

Words and Music by
ROGER WATERS





See the splashing of the kingfisher— flash-ing to the wat-er—

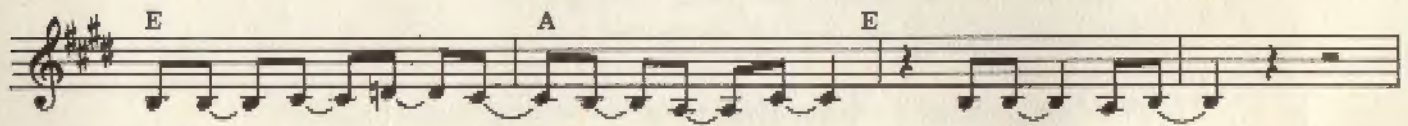
and the



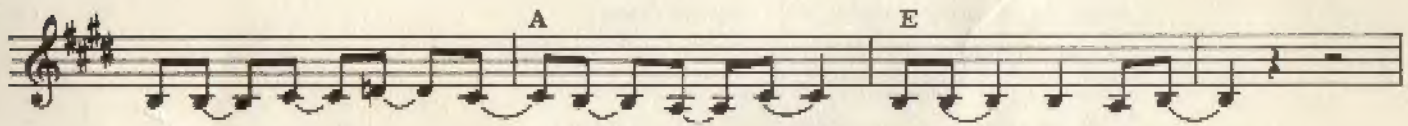
riv-er— of green is slid-ing un-seen be-neath the trees



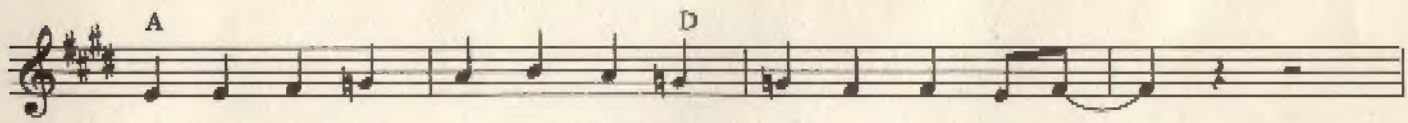
laughing as it pass-es thru'the endless summer making for the sea.



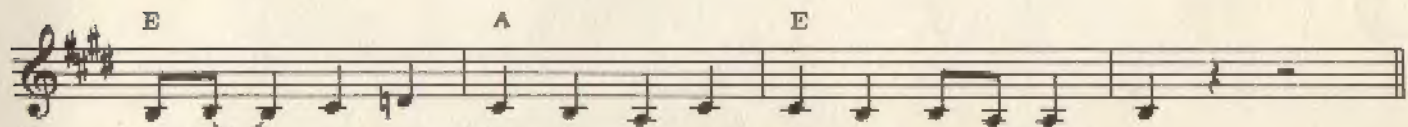
In the la - zy— wa - ter— mea - dows. I lay— me down—



All a - round me— gol - den— sun - flakes set-tle— on the ground



Bas-king in the sun-shine of a by-gone af-ter-noon—



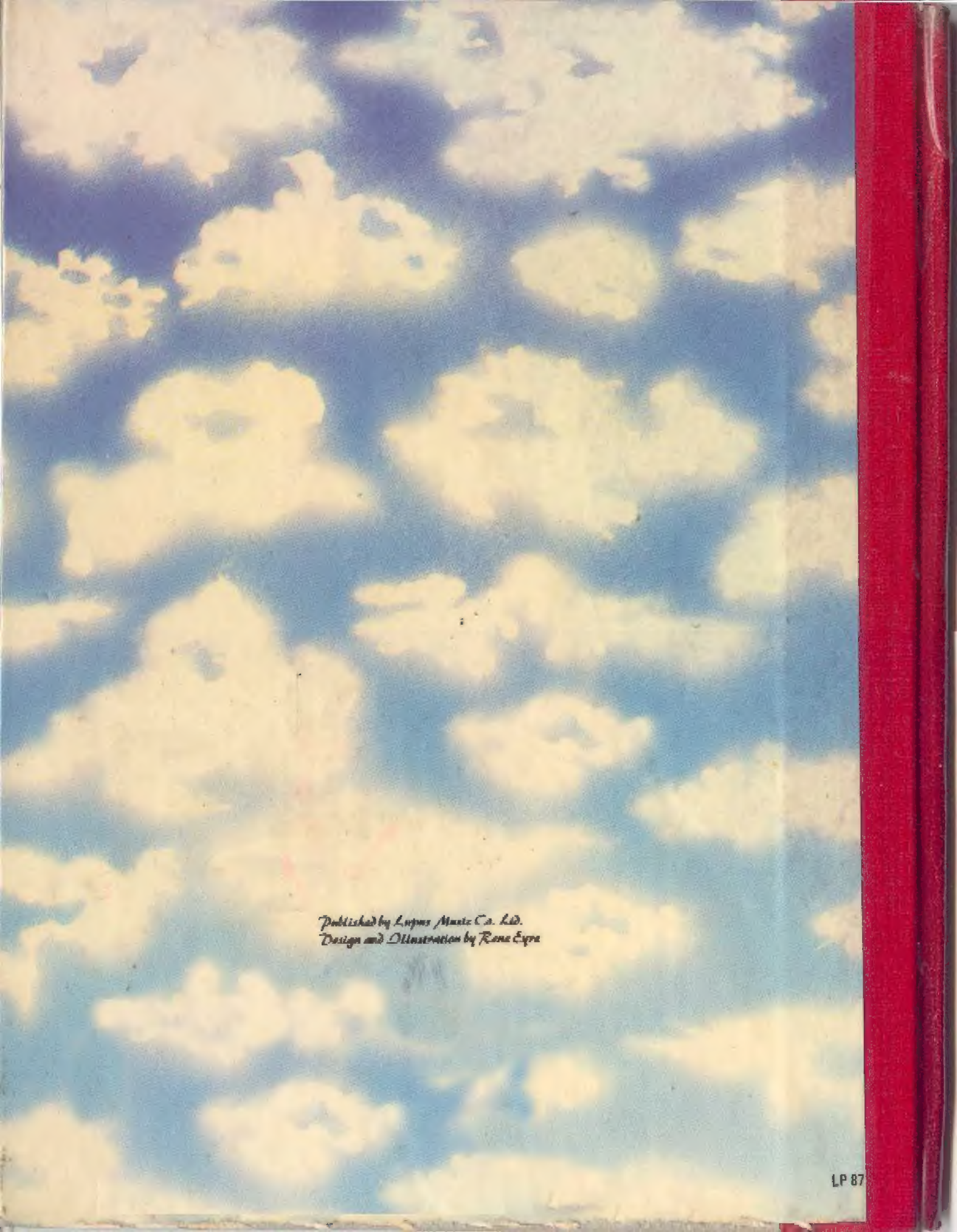
Bring-ing— sounds of yes-ter-day in - to this ci-ty— doom

Grantchester Meadows

*Decey wind of night be gone this is not your domain
On the sky a bird was heard to cry
Misty morning whisperings and gentle stirring sound
Belies a deathly silence that lay all around*

*Hear the lark and harken to the barking of the dog-fox gone to ground
See the splashing of the kingfisher flashing to the the water
And the river of green is sliding unseen beneath the trees
Laughing as it passes thru' the endless Summer making for the sea*

*On the lazy water meadows O lay me down
All around me golden sunflakes settle on the ground
Basking in the sunshine of a by-gone afternoon
Bringing sounds of yesterday into this city doom.*



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